

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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## AFFECTATION.

It is ill enough to bear with the real superiorities of our neighbours; we should be more than flesh and blood if we could endure the mock ones. Accordingly, the he or she who affects any merit which the said he or she does not possess, is pretty sure to suffer for it. Indeed, there is scarcely any character, even among those trenching on the profligate, which men persecute and denounce more vigorously than the affected one. No wise person, therefore, ever dares to be affected. All the good qualities in the world will scarcely procure immunity for an individual on this score. No amount of virtue will save him from its tremendous punishment. It perishes the utility of every favourable point of character with which it may be connected, and by no chance ever gains any thing on its own account to compensate for all its grievous damage. It is really wonderful how any one is ever found to lead forlorn hopes, or wear a false virtue. The explanation is, that folly makes men hardy. And sublime fools they must be who think the sharp clever people who compose the world around them, are to be imposed upon by every thin disguise they may please to assume.

Part of the blame lies, I fear, with a maxim very prevalent in colloquial converse—that the world is easily gulled. Many people think that mankind are invariably more struck by *ornulá* than by genuine gold, and prefer trash to the best literary performances. How can any so wild a mistake have arisen? The world is just an adept of a world. Morally as well as geographically, one-half of it is always awake while the other half sleeps. It only appears simple to those who look no farther than its polite outside. We allow, it receives those who have designs upon it with a very affable front; but mark it is all the time buttoning up its pockets and keeping an eye upon those laces displayed on the counter. Make but the least attempt to bereave it in an irregular manner of any of its property, and its soft words are exchanged in a moment for a cry of "stop thief!" In the same way it may allow some foolish cunning people to put on airs and pretend to that which they have not; but its saying nothing at the time only proceeds from a consideration of its own convenience. It does not like to disturb itself with violent feelings, and will not put itself into a passion with every silly fellow that comes across it. It makes strict observation and judgment, however, upon every one; and no sooner does the pretender attempt to realise any advantage from his actings, than the book is opened against him, and he is at once checked off.

Every one being entitled to speak of the world as he finds it, I must say, for my part, that I never was present in any company where any affected individual who happened to be in it was not seen through, and in proper time and place laughed at or censured by all the rest. Mankind are in this respect a race of absolute Thomas Browns or George Combes: to a man they are judges. And what can well be more ludicrous than the idea of some plain middle-aged woman setting herself up for a beauty, or some unknown young man presenting himself every where as a person of consequence, while every one of those attempted to be imposed upon, though keeping up a grave and credulous face, secretly treats the defaulter with his highest contempt? To appearance, in this case, one fool is cheating twenty wise people. His tinkling brass seems, by some strange *glamour* which he has thrown into their eyes, to be passing quite current with them for silver. How very dexterous and potent he thinks himself! All the time, the twenty are only amusing themselves with the one; and that one,

instead of the magician which he seems, is a mere sport to the rest. The bays which he has bought with his false coin, and which he now supposes to be flourishing round his forehead, are only burdock, exciting the ridicule of all except their unhappy wearer. So far from making any way by such means, he causes himself to retrograde. In the storm of indignation and scorn which his affectation has excited, his real merits are overlooked; he is judged of by what he pretends to be, without allowance for what he is, and, though possessing perhaps some ability, is sternly set down as a hopeless and intolerable blockhead.

I have known many men and more women who thus destroyed their own interest among their fellow-creatures; and though it is of course vain to contend against any of the established decrees of society, I am inclined to think that it is somewhat severe in the award which it usually gives against this vice. Affectation often unhappily co-exists with very respectable qualities, and does not eat so deep into the character as seems to be generally supposed. I am a great advocate for the toleration of little personal peculiarities and habits; and this, I must confess, seems to be neither more nor less, albeit a very foolish one, and sometimes rather ill to put up with. I have just been quite charmed with my never-failing favourite, Miss Mitford, for making one of her new stories\* turn upon the view of human character here taken. The person concerned is a Mr King Harwood, who torments his whole neighbourhood with his impertinent and hollow pretensions as a musician, director of ceremonies, and cricket-player. He is at length brought into competition in the last capacity with the fat, honest, good-hearted butcher, Stephen Lane, who had previously affronted him in various ways for his fopperies. But we must make a quotation, only premising that Lane had previously backed, against Harwood, a poor dependent, Caleb Hyde by name, whose clothes had fallen into raggedness, in consequence of his anxiety to keep a destitute mother from the workhouse:—

"And Master King did make ready accordingly: tied one handkerchief round his white trousers, and another round his waist, lamented the want of his nankeens and his cricketing pumps, poised the bats, found fault with the ball, and finally placed himself in attitude at the wicket; and having won the toss, prepared to receive the ball, which Stephen on his part was preparing very deliberately to deliver.

Stephen in his time had been an excellent fast bowler; and as that power was not affected by his size (though probably somewhat impaired by want of practice), and his confidence in his adversary's bad play was much increased by the manner in which he stood at his wicket, he calculated with the most comfortable certainty on getting him out whenever he liked; and he was right; the unlucky King could neither stop nor strike. He kept no guard over his wicket; and in less than three minutes the stumps rattled without his having once hit the ball.

It was now Stephen's turn to go in—the fattest cricketer of a surety that ever wielded bat. He stood up to his wicket like a man, and considering that King's bowling was soon seen to be as bad as his hitting—that is to say, as bad as any thing could be—there was every chance of his stopping the ball, and continuing in for three hours; but whether he would get a notch in three days, whether dear Stephen Lane could run, was a problem. It was solved, however, and sooner than might have been expected. He gave a mighty hit—a hit that sent her spinning into the

hedge at the bottom of the ground—a hit, of which any body else would have made three even at single wicket; and, setting out on a leisurely long-trot, contrived to get home, without much inconvenience, just before the panting King arrived at his ground. In his next attempt at running, he was not so fortunate: his antagonist reached the wicket whilst he was still in mid-career, so that his innings was over, and Mr King Harwood had to go in against one.

Alas! he found it one too many! At the very second ball, he made a hit—his first hit—and unluckily a hit up, and Stephen caught him out by the mere exertion of lifting his right arm; so that the match was won at a single innings.

Stephen was charmed with his success, laughing like a child for very glee, tossing the ball into the air, and enjoying his triumph with unrestrained delight, until his antagonist, who had borne his defeat with much equanimity, approached him with the amount of his bet; it then seemed to strike him suddenly, that Mr Harwood was a gentleman, and poor, and that thirty pounds was too much for him to lose.

"No, no, sir," said Stephen, gently putting aside the offered notes; "all's right now: we've had our frolic out, and it's over. 'Twas foolish enough, at the best, in an old man like me, and so my dame will say; but as to playing for money, that's quite entirely out of the question." "These notes are yours, Mr Lane," replied King Harwood gravely.

"No such thing, man," rejoined Stephen, more earnestly; "I never play for money, except now and then a sixpenny game at all-fours with Peter Jenkins there. I hate gambling. We've all of us plenty to do with our bank-notes, without wasting them in such tom-foolery. Put 'em up, man, do. Keep 'em till we play the return match, and that won't be in a hurry, I promise you; I've had enough of the sport for one while," added Stephen, wiping his honest face, and preparing to reassume his coat and waistcoat; "put up the notes, man, can't ye!"

"As I said before, Mr Lane, this money is yours. You need not scruple taking it; for though I am a poor man, I do not owe a farthing in the world. The loss will occasion me no inconvenience. I had merely put aside this sum to pay Charles Wither the difference between my bay mare and his chestnut horse; and now I shall keep the mare; and perhaps, after all, she is the more useful roadster of the two. You must take the money."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" exclaimed Stephen, struck with sudden and unexpected respect at the frank avowal of poverty, the good principles, and the good temper of this speech. "How can I? Wasn't it my own rule, when I gave this bit of ground to the cricketers, that nobody should ever play in it for any stake, high or low? A pretty thing it would be if I, a reformer of forty years' standing, should be the first man to break a law of my own making! Besides, 'tis setting a bad example to these youngsters, and ought not to be done—and sha'n't be done," continued Stephen, waxing positive. "You've no notion what an obstinate old chap I can be! Better let me have my own way."

"Provided you let me have mine. You say you cannot take these notes—I feel that I cannot keep them. Suppose we make them over to your friend Caleb, to repair his wardrobe?"

"Dang it, you are a real good fellow!" shouted Stephen in an ecstasy, grasping King Harwood's hand, and shaking it as if he would shake it off; "a capital fellow!—a true-born Englishman!—and I beg your pardon from my soul for that trick of the wig, and all my flouting and fleeing before and since,

\* Belford Regis, or Sketches of a Country Town, 3 vols. London, Richard Bentley.

You've taught me a lesson that I shan't forget in a hurry. Your heart's in the right place; and when that's the case, why, a little finery and nonsense signifies no more than the patches upon Caleb's jacket, or the spots on a bullock's hide—just akin-deep, and hardly that. I've a respect for you, man!—and I beg your pardon over and over." And again and again he wrung King Harwood's hand in his huge red fist; whilst borne away by his honest fervency, King returned the pressure and walked silently home, wondering a little at his own gratification, for a chord had been struck in his bosom that had seldom vibrated before, and the sensation was as new as it was delightful.

The next morning little Gregory Lane made his appearance at Warwick Terrace, mounted on Mr Charles Wither's beautiful chestnut.

"Grandfather sends his duty, sir," said the smiling boy, jumping down, and putting the bridle into King Harwood's hand, "and says that you had your way yesterday, and that he must have his to-day. He's as quiet as a lamb," added the boy, already, like Harry Blount in *Marmion*, a "sworn horse-courser"; "and such a trotter! He'll carry you twelve miles an hour with ease." And King Harwood accepted the offering; and Stephen and he were good friends ever after."

This, our readers must agree, was a complete redemption of any quantity or number of affections; and I am satisfied that, were the green mantle dashed aside from every such character, more or less of the same clear water would be found beneath. But while thus entreating a little mercy for the unfortunate slaves of affection, let me also endeavour to rouse all who can become conscious of such a vice in any of its forms, to a sense of the evil which it never can fail to occasion to them, and a vigorous effort at shaking it off. Let me repeat, that it is the most unpopular of all qualities, that it never by any chance is successful in its object, and that it very frequently loses the benefit of even the good qualities by which it is accompanied.

#### MIND-MURDER.

THE following excellent observations on the natural bent of the human mind, and the manner in which it is often unhappily tortured by erroneous processes of education, occur in a work recently published, called "Bubbles from the Bruns of Nassau," and cannot meet with too wide a circulation.

"In the evening of a long, toilsome life, if a man were to be obliged solemnly to declare what, without any exception, has been the most lovely thing which on the surface of this earth it has been his good fortune to witness, I conceive that, without hesitation, he might reply—*The mind of a young child*. Indeed, if we believe that creation, with all its charms, was beneficently made for man, it seems almost to follow that his mind, that mirror in which every minute object is to be reflected, must be gifted with a polish sufficiently high to enable it to receive the lovely and delicate images created for its enjoyment. Accordingly, we observe with what delight a child beholds light, colours, flowers, fruit, and every new object that meets his eye; and we all know, that before his judgment be permitted to interfere, for many years he feels, or rather suffers, a thirst for information which is almost insatiable.

He desires, and very naturally desires, to know what the moon is?—what are the stars?—where the rain, wind, and storm come from? With innocent simplicity he asks, what becomes of the light of a candle when it is blown out? Any story or any history he greedily devours; and so strongly does his youthful mind retain every sort of image impressed upon it, that it is well known his after life is often incapable of obliterating the terror depicted there by an old nurse's tales of ghosts and hobgoblins of darkness.

Now, with their minds in this pure, healthy, voracious state, the sons of all our noblest families, and of the most estimable people in the country, are, after certain preparations, eventually sent to those slaughter-houses of the understanding, our public schools, where, weaned from the charms of the living world, they are nailed to the study of two dead languages—like galley-slaves, they are chained to these oars, and are actually flogged if they neglect to labour. Instead of imbibing knowledge suited to their youthful age, they are made to learn the names of Actæon's hounds—to study the life of Alexander's horse—to know the fate of Alcibiades's dog—in short, it is too well known that Dr Lempriere made L.3000 a-year by the sale of a dictionary, in which he had amassed, 'for the use of schools,' tales and rubbish of this description. The poor boy at last 'gets,' as it is termed, 'into Ovid,' where he is made to study every thing which human ingenuity could invent to sully, degrade, and ruin the mind of a young person. The Almighty Creator of the universe is caricatured by a set of grotesque personages, termed gods and goddesses, so grossly sensual, so inordinately licentious, that were they to-day to appear in London, before sunset they would probably be, every one of them, where they ought to be—at the tread-mill. The poor boy, however, must pore over all their amours, natural and unnatural; he must learn the birth, parentage, and education of each, with the biography of their numerous offspring, earthly as well as unearthly. He must study love-letters from the heavens to the earth, and metamorphoses which

have almost all some low, impure object. The only geography he learns is 'the world known to the ancients.' Although a member of the first maritime nation on the globe, he learns no nautical science but that possessed by people who scarcely dared to leave their shores; all his knowledge of military life is that childish picture of it which might fairly be entitled 'war without gunpowder.' But even the little which on these subjects he does learn, is so mixed up with fable, that his mind gets puzzled and debilitated to such a degree, that he becomes actually unable to distinguish truth from falsehood; and when he reads that Hannibal melted the Alps with vinegar, he does not know whether it be really true or not.

In this degraded state, with the energy and curiosity of their young minds blunted, actually nauseating the intellectual food which they had once so naturally desired, a whole batch of boys, at the age of about fourteen, are released from their schools to go on board men-of-war, where they are to strive to become the heroes of their day. They sail from their country ignorant of almost every thing that has happened to it since the days of the Romans; having been obliged to look upon all the phenomena of nature, as well as the mysteries of art, without explanation, their curiosity for information on such subjects has subsided. They lean against the capstan, but know nothing of its power—they are surrounded by mechanical contrivances of every sort, but understand them no more than they do the stars in the firmament. They steer from one country to another, ignorant of the customs, manners, prejudices, or languages of any; they know nothing of the effect of climate—it requires almost a fever to drive them from the sun; in fact, they possess no practical knowledge. The first lesson they learn from adversity is their own guiltless ignorance, and no sooner are they in real danger, than they discover how ill spent has been the time they have devoted to the religion of the heathen—how vain it is in affliction to pater over the names of Actæon and his hounds!

That in spite of all these disadvantages, a set of high-bred, noble-spirited young men eventually become, as they really do, an honour to their country, is no proof that their early education has not done all in its power to prevent them.

Let any one weigh what they have not learnt against what they have, and he will find that the difference is exactly that which exists between creation itself and a satchel of musty books. I own they are skillfully conversant in the latter; I own that they have even deserved prizes for having made verses in imitation of Sappho, odes in imitation of Horace, epigrams after the model of the *Anthologia*, as well as after the mode of Martial; but what has the university taught them of the former? Has it even informed them of the discovery of America? Has it given them the power of conversing with the peasant of any one nation in Europe? Has it explained to them any one of the wonderful works of creation? Has it taught them a single invention of art? Has it shown the young landed proprietor how to measure the smallest field on his estate? Has it taught him even the first rudiments of economy? Has it explained to him the principle of a common pump? Has it fitted him in any way to stand in that distinguished situation which, by birth and fortune, he is honestly entitled to hold? Has it given him any agricultural information, any commercial knowledge, any acquaintance with mankind, or with business of any sort or kind; and, lastly, has it made him modestly sensible of his own ignorance?—or has it, on the contrary, done all in its power to make him feel not only perfectly satisfied with his own acquirements, but contempt for those whose minds are only filled with plain useful knowledge?"

#### THE CRAY-FISHER.

[The following tale is abridged, with the publisher's permission, from one entitled "Pierre l'Ecrivain," in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for January 1835; being one of a series contributed by Mrs Gore, the authoress of *Mothers and Daughters*, and other admired novels. *Tait's Magazine* is at present distinguished for the high merit of its fictitious literature. A late series of tales entitled "The Experiences of Richard Taylor," by Mrs Johnstone, authoress of *Glen Albin*, have yielded us more pleasure than any *Magazine* fictions which ever fell under our notice.]

At Etioilles on the Seine, amidst magnificent vineyards and orchards, lives Pierre Hardouin, usually called Pierre l'Ecrivain, from his employment of cray-fishing; a fine tall old specimen of the soldier, not only of the emperor, but of the *ancien regime*. Under a dress not much above that of a pauper, this man exhibits a dignity of demeanour that would not disgrace a noble of the old court; and beneath a manner apparently gay and careless, his visitors can sometimes detect a profound sensibility, and the grave pressure of many sad and heart-changing memories. To the world at large he turns out his common-place aspect; and it requires much intercourse with him, and no small share of address, to bring forth the points of his inner and real character. His confidence is not easily to be won. You may buy his cray-fish from June to March; you may waste your substance on bushels of juniper-berries, and sheaves of dried hyssop or horehound; nay, you may shower down chippings of wine upon him, enough to turn the twelve mills of Corbeil. It may make him toss up his bonnet in honour of *la patrie*, or yield you in return a few tough his-

stories of Lutzen or Bautzen. But these are such as you may obtain for the same price under any lime-tree in the neighbourhood of l'Hotel des Invalides. Spend day after day with Pierre, and when you have at length obtained the entrée to his cottage and his heart, you will draw from him reminiscences full of tenderness, respecting himself, his much-loved Madeline, now in second childhood, and the various beings who have been connected with them. What a study for the misanthropic—that loving couple—the superannuated Romeo and Juliet of Etioilles!—Pierre decrepit in body, Madeline in mind—childless, poor, but cheerful, laborious, grateful—rich in charity, and hope, and faith!

Pierre was the son of a small farmer under the family of St Aignan, and at ten years old considered it the height of worldly honour to be permitted to run errands for the *maître d'hotel* of their lordly chateau. At seventeen he formed his attachment to Madeline, the daughter of a neighbouring vine-grower; and it was settled by both families that he should be united to her, when he unluckily was drawn for a soldier. By the interest of the St Aignan family, he was allowed to serve in a cavalry regiment, which usually attended upon the royal family at Versailles; and thus it was his lot to be for some years an appendage of the court. Meanwhile, the letters from his sister began to inform him, though not in direct terms, that all was not well at home, and, having obtained a furlough, and returned to Etioilles, he found that his friends were much distressed on account of Suzette, who had become the object of an illicit passion to the young Count Alphonse, recently married for family reasons to a woman whom he detested. Notwithstanding the almost religious regard in which he had been trained to look up to his territorial superiors, his heart burned to avenge this insult, and it was with no small difficulty he could be restrained to entering a simple remonstrance against the conduct of the count. He performed this duty in the course of a hunting excursion, and was treated in return with so much cool insolence as showed that he had no small cause to fear for the peace of his family. This, however, he secured, as he thought, by hurrying on a marriage, previously contemplated, between his sister and a young man named Vincent, at Lyons. On his return to duty, he found that, let him do as he pleased, he never could do right. There was a new colonel, to whom he seemed particularly obnoxious. Pretences were soon found for inflicting humiliating punishments upon him. And, loyal as he was, he was at last degraded and drummed from his regiment, on an accusation of Jacobinism. As he passed on his way, tattered, over-heated, and still pursued by the cries of the rabble, the Count Alphonse passed him on his fine Arabian, and gave him a look which explained all. From that moment Pierre became a republican.

In the course of a few months, humbled as he was, he could not resist the temptation to revisit Etioilles. At nightfall he approached the cottage of Bertin, the father of his Madeline, and found all dark and dreary. A female neighbour, who did not recognise him, explained that old Bertin had died, in consequence of a severe fall which he got from the Count Alphonse, in protecting his daughter from that nobleman on the last eve of the Assumption, and that the young woman had then wandered to Paris in search of her lover, whose infamy she could not believe to be deserved. Without visiting his father, the maddened Pierre returned to the capital, where, being after many months successful in discovering his mistress, he was married to her. The revolution was now advancing to its fiercest paroxysms, and the Count Alphonse had been arrested for incivism. "I trust I was not unchristianly in my rejoicings on his downfall," said Pierre, when he recounted to me the history under an oak tree of the forest of Sénart. "But when my good star at last guided me where Madeline and I were fated to meet again, and when, in her dismantled garret, with her hand fast clasped in mine, she told me the story of her wrongs, and with what calumnies the villain of fine clothes and fine words had assailed me during my absence, and with what insults and cruelties had molested her, God forgive me if I did, in the hour of my intemperance, call upon his mighty name that the utmost measure of his wrath might fall upon the offender.

And my prayer was accomplished! Figure to yourself, that one fine morning, just three days after Madeline and I were one, and we were still dressed out in our wedding bests: we had been over to the Rue de Bac, to get together a few household things at a shop kept by an Etioillan, previous to setting off to Luzières, to settle for the remainder of our days. Well, sir, we were to pass the place they now call *Place de la Concorde*. It was called *Place de la Révolution* then, for there stood the guillotine under the knife of which the head of the king had already fallen, and hundreds of heads of aristocrats were weekly falling.

"Don't let us go this way," said Madeline; 'perhaps we may meet the *Charrrette*.'

"And if you do," said I, 'it is but turning your head aside, not to see the grim faces of those who have been looking with greedy eyes, year after year, upon our sufferings—sufferings of their own causing.'

"Don't talk so, Pierre," said the soft-hearted soul: 'there is many an innocent suffering among the guilty; besides, reflect how many years you and yours ate the bread of the St Aignans.'



I wish the poor wench had left that name unspoken, sir, for it trampled into my heart which had long been tranquillised. 'Ay,' said I, 'and drank our life-blood in return. But there is a God above all; and theirs will pay for it.'

And so, being obstinate, I would pass the Place, for it was a fine, bright, sunny day; and the old groves in the adjoining gardens of the Tuilleries were gay with their chestnut blossoms, and the air was sweet with lilies. But just as we reached opposite the street leading to the Boulevards, there came a sight that made the very gardens themselves look gloomy; however, no sooner was its coming perceived, than the people gathered forward in all directions, so that, for my life, I could not have dragged off Madeline through the crowd. Believe me or no, sir, but from the moment I heard the charioter flogging on his horses at a distance, and saw the commissaries with their staves, bound with tri-coloured ribbons, making way among the people, I felt as sure as of a judgment day, that Alphonse St Aignan was in the cart! And there, indeed, he sat, with an old grey-headed priest on the one side, and a fair-faced woman on the other, with his own face white as ashes, and his eyes hollow and dim, as though half dead already. His lips quivered too, but whether from fear, or that he was muttering an *Ave Maria* to keep himself in heart, I cannot say. But just as they came where Madeline and I were standing, in our holiday gear, with the gay sunshine streaming upon us, the care I was taking to support and cheer the poor girl, whose head was drooping on my shoulder, attracted his notice, and I saw him cast a glance downwards on us; and there was a bitterness in the look which dwelt in my mind for years. Black must be the pang that can add to the bitterness of such a death as his!

Well, well, there is justice for all men, here or above. And so, sir, Madeline and I were soon among the fields again; and cheerful as you may think the glades of Etioles to-day, I warrant you they looked brighter and happier to us, who had tasted so much affliction since we left the village. Old Gabriel was gone, but father still sat in his chimney corner, and right glad was he to have us with him again. Still there was an uneasy thought in his mind.

'Pierre, my lad,' said he one day soon after my return, 'thou knowest that the old marquis is dead and gone, and the young count dead and gone; and if they were unlawfully removed, heaven forgive those that removed them. But thou art to learn that the Countess Alphonse, who is marchioness now—that is *Citoyenne* (mercy me, that I can never bring myself to remember all these changes), the *Citoyenne* St Aignan has a young child—a son born since her father was condemned; and instead of quitting Luzières, as any reasonable soul would do, and making the best of her way to her relations in England and Germany (for *here*, as she well knows, they are under the surveillance of the revolutionary tribunal, whose severities are getting fast from bad to worse, and may soon reach from worse to worst), nothing will serve her but to talk of the young heir of the house of Luzières, and the allegiance of the tenants, in a touch-me-whom sort of style, for which the day is past. Twice—thrice—I cannot count the times—have I been up to the chateau, and ventured to tell her truths she little liked to hear. Only two days ago I presumed to say, that since she would not quit the country, she might at least conceal herself here at the farm till the dark days of the times were past. My son, I did not know with whom I had to deal. You should have heard the clamour of indignation with which she accused me of insulting her, by inviting her to rest under such a roof as mine! She, a widow, whose husband's headless trunk is lying yonder under the quicklime of the Madeline! she, a mother, who might preserve her child by so small a concession!

'Don't trouble yourself further about her, father,' said I, for I was stung to the quick by his account of the woman's gracelessness. 'Her life is not worth the preserving.'

'Nay,' replied the good old man, 'but her father and mine fought together at Fontenoy; and I have eaten these people's bread; and for all that is come and gone, I will yet do my best for the family.'

Alas! the time of trial was quickly coming. The period which the bookmen call the Reign of Terror, was at its worst at Paris; and every now and then, bands of ravagers, who were little other than thieves and banditti, burst out into the provinces, on pretences of domiciliary visits and what not; but, in reality, to lay hands on all and every thing within their reach; burning, murdering, destroying—and without hazard of punishment. One evening, sir, we were all sitting quietly at the farm (it was in autumn, and the vintage was just over); there was my father with his pipe between his lips, and Madeline with her knitting needles, and I busy in a corner with my osiers, weaving a basket for my wife—when, all of a sudden, old Castor, the house-dog, that lay before the fire, started up and began to yelp like a thing in purgatory; and as soon as we could still the beast, which was no easy matter, a trampling of many feet was audible, and, for a moment, we thought it even the vintagers coming home from eating their *soupe de vendanges*. But looking out, I saw a troop of some ten or twelve ill-looking dogs, armed with scythes, and bearing torches; and in a moment the thought struck me they were going up to the chateau!

'Father!' cried I, 'your gun! Madeline, up to the granary and lock yourself in without light.' And taking what weapons I could collect, I made off to the village, and in twenty minutes gathered together a troop of hardy young fellows, my fellow-labourers, who, for the honour of the *pays*, would do much to defend the Chateau de Luzières. But by the time we reached the avenue, the old mansion was sending up in two places a dense smoke, which soon burst out into flames; and all that now remained was to save the lives of those who might be within. The villains were ransacking the house in all directions; but our heart was good. We had a dreadful struggle—a deadly struggle. I can scarce talk of it now, sir; for at the close my poor old father lay dead at the entrance of the marchioness's apartments; and though the Jacobins were driven off the field, it was not till there was nothing left to save. The flames had gained the mastery; and as to the woman, the woman whose obstinacy had caused my father's death, don't ask me, sir, to tell you all that befel her, or what manner of death she died. Her fate was fearful, fearful! May it procure her the mercy and pardon of the Almighty!

It was the dead of the night, sir, before I got back to the farm; and I had to press through a crowd of the villagers collected to look upon the fire. 'There's Pierre,' said the women as I passed; 'don't speak to him—don't question him—he has lost his father! But, thank God, our men have pursued the murderers down into the river, and it will go hard if any one of them escape.' 'But why was not Pierre with them, why did he remain behind up at the chateau?' said one woman. 'Hush, *imbécille*,' cried another; 'can't you guess that he was removing his father's body?'

But they guessed only half the truth. As soon as I crossed the threshold of the farm, I drew bolt and bar, and instead of replying to Madeline's embraces and inquiries after my father—'Into bed with you,' I exclaimed; 'take this poor orphan into your bosom; and should the troop return and force the doors, swear that it is your own.' Then giving into her arms, still covered with its mother's blood, and stunned with the blow that finished her, the babe, the last of the St Aignans, whom I had withdrawn, poor helpless innocent, from its mother's side at the close of the massacre, I again secured the house, and darted off after the assassins.

Well, sir, to cut short the history, for to you, who are not of the *pays*, it may appear tedious, we adopted the orphan boy for our own. At that time, to be the child of a *ci-devant*, was a bad certificate; and though it went to my soul to call the babe ours—for we had been but four months married, and my wife's good name was dear to me—to all who were bold enough to say, 'Pierre, is the child thine?' I answered, 'the child is mine.' And so, continued the crayfish-catcher, passing his hand across his eyes, 'my father's old chair was removed from beside the hearth, and I wove a wicker-cradle for the orphan to supply its place. To be sure, many in the village must have known that the babe was none of ours; but it was given out that all had perished in the flames at Luzières, and I doubt whether any at Etioles guessed whence we had the infant; more especially when, year after year, as little Albert grew up among us, they saw us working for him as our own, and loving him as our own; for we did love him. Parents could not have loved him better!'

'Were you ever a father, Pierre, that you venture to say that?' inquired I.

'Hem! no! and I sometimes thank God for it: ay! even now that we are left alone in our old age; for with children of my own, I should have had no right to do all I did for Albert. You should have seen him, sir; what a noble young creature it grew under Madeline's rearing! At six years old, not a lad in the village could hold head against Albert! When I saw the ruins of the Chateau de Luzières sold as national property, and the fine avenues cut down, and the gardens made grazing ground, and the fishpond dried up, and the woods destroyed, I own I could not help sometimes grieving that the little fellow should be deprived of what, after all, was his birthright. And many's the time I have had him kneel down and pray beside me, on a green nook among the plantain trees, where I had taken up my pick, a day or two after the fire, and laid all that I could make out as the remains of my father and the poor foolish marchioness. I dug but one grave for them, sir! Think what would have been her rage, had any one whispered to her, during her living days, that her last resting-place would be beside that of Pierre de Luzières.'

'Well, better times were coming! The mad and the bad were slain in their turn. The blood-thirsty became at length satiated, and at last every man's thoughts seemed to turn upon repairing the mischief that had been done. Ere the waters of the deluge subsided, a mighty name was floating upon their troubled surface. It was that of a great hero—and we became a martial nation! Had it been that of a great statesman, we might perhaps have become a commercial one; for, in truth, we were inclined to follow any one who was inclined to lead, with promises of guiding us to happier times. We had wars and battles, ay! and victories, faster than I could count them. But I had other work on hand. We quitted the farm of Luzières when it became a stranger's property

(and, in sooth, the very walls bore with them a host of painful recollections!) and with the amount of my father's savings and my own, purchased the cot that had once been tenanted by Bertin, wherein Madeline was born, and wherein I still abide; a poor place, you will say, but my own; a home for me, and a home for Madeline when I shall be no more. And there it was that Albert grew up upon our knees.

It was not till he was about ten years old, sir, that I began to regret I had not the means of giving him as much book-learning as became the blood that was in his veins. By that time the hero of the nation had grown tired of being a hero, and got himself anointed emperor; and many emigrants had leave to return, and among the rest, one who called himself heir to the last Marquis of St Aignan. To hear this made Madeline and me jealous in our minds. We had taught the boy all we knew—it was not much—crayfish-catching and basket-weaving were not for the like of him; and we had even gone poorly clad, and poorly fed, that *Monsieur le Curé* (the very *curés* were back again!) might add to the amount of his knowledge. Even that, I fancy, was not much; and one day when we went to fetch Albert home, as usual, the *curé*, who, from his office in the Confessional, knew what was the real parentage of the child, told us we had no right to trifle with Albert's claims, and that we must take him to Paris, and reveal all to his family. It was a sore day for us to make up our mind! Madeline cried and sobbed, as I had not seen her cry since my father's death; for we loved the boy so dearly, that we fancied every one else must love him as we did, and be mad-eager to take him from us!

Not a bit! For all we could do, or all we could swear, the great lord to whom we addressed ourselves persisted that it was proved, by the *procès verbal* of the burning of the Chateau de Luzières, the marchioness and her infant had perished in the conflagration; and instead of providing for Albert's education, as we expected, he ordered us all three to be thrust out of his hotel into the street, as impostors! It was the happiest evening I ever spent, that on which we got back to Etioles after this fruitless attempt! We had done our duty to the lad, and the repulse we had met with seemed to render him our own for ever. After rejecting his cousin in the face of his whole establishment, the head of the family could not claim him from us; and never did I see Madeline caress his curly head so fondly, or call him her own so tenderly as then.

'We must content ourselves with less for him,' said she. 'If Albert do not grow up so learned as the clerk of the peace at Corbeil, he will know more than we knew before him; yet we are better respected in the village than even was his father the marquis!'

With this reasoning I was forced to content myself, and one must have been difficult indeed not to have been contented with Albert! He was so handsome, so frank, so humane, so laborious, so gay! And what I loved best in him was, that, though he was well acquainted with his origin (for how could Madeline keep such a secret from our nursing?) he never seemed to desire that the mystery should be cleared up.

'My family have cast me off,' he would say; 'I have henceforth none—no family, no friends, no benefactors, but you. Love me still, and Albert will be happy; but strive to cause my recognition by the proud man who is willing to take the livery and wages of one whom he holds to be an usurper, and I shall fancy you are tired of your burden, and grudge me my prospect of tending you, and labouring for you in your old age, as you have tended and laboured for me in my childhood!'

There was no answering him! I loved him too dearly to attempt it!

I would fain linger in my story now, sir; for those were the happiest years of my life! There was sunshine under our roof, there was joy, there was promise. But though I grudge not my time in the telling, your patience must be wasting. On, therefore, on to the end!

You may be sure, that, loving Albert as we did, something was laid by, after the half-yearly payment of our contributions to the state, to make up a redemption-fee for our boy, when he, too, should be claimed for its service. This sum did we, for security-sake, lodge in the hands of a great notary at Corbeil. Security! ere the day arrived when Albert underwent the fate I had borne before him, of falling to the conscription, the guardian of our deposit had made a fraudulent bankruptcy; and because he saw fit to take himself off in his carriage to Havre, and embark for America, the lad was fain to march off for the army of Germany! Poor Madeline was like to break her heart; so young as he was to leave us, and for such a service! For all this chanced not till victory had grown weary of hovering over the eagles of France.

Albert, in spite of his struggle to disguise his joy, for fear of giving us pain, was full of glee at his opening prospects of distinction, for still there lived the saying among the people, that every French conscript, on quitting his village, bore in his knapsack the truncheon of a field-marshal! And so, by way of cheering up Madeline's heart on the eve of his departure, I sang our old canteen songs, and told our old bivouac stories of Versailles; and related all I had learned of the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz—and how the dying grenadier's last moments on the field of battle had been cheered by receiving the cloak of *le petit Ca-*

poral to form his shroud. My blood was warm with wine, and the sort of desperation that wrings one's breast into noise at parting with something loved; and when Albert whispered to me—as I waved my old *bonnet de police* to the cry of *Vive l'Empereur*!—“The rich manufacturer of Besançon has offered three hundred Napoleons for a substitute for his son—the money would make a rare dowry for our dear Madeline!” I could not help replying, “*Nom d'une bombe!* I should like to show the Corsican's men how the *vieux moustaches* of Louis XVI. were put through the movements! Albert! my boy, I will bear thee company in thy first campaign.”

You will think that my project met with opposition from my wife? Not a whit! “It will be but the further embittering of my tears!” was all she said. “The time of the boy's absence must be a time of extreme agony; and I can better bear to be without thee, Pierre, than to think that he, so young, so rash, so tenderly reared by my weak fondness, will be alone, unguided, in the hour of danger.” And so, sir, two fittings out were needed in lieu of one; and bequeathing Madeline to the protection of God, and the counsel of the good curé, who took charge of her little fortune, away we went for the army.

You may guess that the spirit of the lad blazed forth when we reached head-quarters! Wounded in the very first action, the sight of his own blood, spilt by the white coats, seemed to put the very devil into his young heart. He got the name of the *Lutin* in the regiment, from the pranks he was ever playing, even when the cannon boomed over our heads. But his pranks did not prevent him from being a good soldier; and they loved a lightsome-hearted lad in those days; the great generals thought, somehow, that their folly put heart into the men.

But, alas! the lucky hour of soldiery was over for France! Had Albert been born in time to follow the eagle over the Alps, or along the Danube, or across the sea to the Pyramids, there would soon have been a ribbon at his button-hole, and an epaulet on his shoulder—for the soul of his great grandsire, the old marquis who fought under Turenne, seemed to be within him. But the second year of our recruitment carried our gallant brigades into the bitter north, which was not made for our heaven-favoured countrymen to abide in. Even I, a seasoned man, shrunk under the frosts of Moscow; and what were they to a delicate lad (he was scarce sixteen!) like Albert? Nevertheless, for a time his high courage bore him up! The heavier our privations, the louder grew his laugh beside the bivouac fire, where the carcass of some half-starved horse was roasting for our supper. But that laugh grew hollow as well as loud; and there was a clear brightness in his eyes which was more deadly to me to look upon, than the fire of the enemy. And then there came defeat—and after defeat, retreat—and who does not know the calamities of a defeated and retreating army? The lad was growing discouraged; and I used to talk of home to him in our long, weary, hungering marches, as the trumpets are blown on the field of battle to inspirit man and horse. And sometimes he tried to listen when I talked of the green alleys of the forest of Sénart, and the wild roses entangling its paths, and the green vineyards of Etolles, and the soft—soft—silver current of the Seine. But those soothing words did not prevent that there were wildernesses of snow around us, and the very atmosphere congealing over our heads! “*Mon père*,” whispered the lad one night, as the blood burst from his ears and nostrils, “had I been a few years older, I might have borne it; but 'tis only a veteran such as thou who can survive this trying time, to die upon the field of battle. *Mon père! mon bienfaiteur!* forgive me for my weakness!”

For some minutes Pierre could not utter a syllable. To aid him in his story, I ventured to observe, “And the time came, I fear, when he could drag his legs no farther, and you were forced to leave poor Albert in the rear?”

“To abandon him?” cried Pierre: “No! I do not deserve that you should think it of me! Abandon him? no, no, no! When his strength utterly failed him, and still there was no chance but to march on, or fall into the hands of the enemy, I threw aside bag and baggage, and strapped the fainting child to my shoulders (his weight was but as a feather); and after the first few hours, I did not dare speak to him to ask him how he fared, lest peradventure there should be no reply. And again, after a time, I thought his limbs grew more listless—and then stiff—and then I murmured to myself, Madeline, Madeline, how shall I tell thee of this?—and my murmurs were drowned by hoarse cries of ‘march!’ at every pause of the battalion, and by the grumblings of the men, with whom all hope was over!”

At last one of them, an old comrade, hallooed to me, “Pierre, fling aside thy burden—thy labour is in vain! the boy is dead!” And I cursed him for the word, and would not listen. And another came and said, “the corpse is heavy for thee—cast it down!” Oh God! had they known what heaviness was in my heart!

Even when I knew that he was surely, surely gone (for the locks of his hair grew frozen where his blessed head lay stone-like on my shoulder), I bore him on and on; for I chose not to leave him for a prey to the wolves of the Borysthènes, and I knew that my hopes were gone, by the bursting forth of my words; for now I talked to him—now, again and again, I

called upon him by name, as I tottered onwards through the snow. I had nothing more to learn from his silence!

That night, sir, I scooped away the snow, and dug my boy a grave on the outskirts of the village where we bivouacked for the night. ‘Twas a rude place, but still 'twas within reach of a Christian bell. I knew it was; for all night I lay upon the grave, the striking of the church clock warning me, from hour to hour, that the precious minutes were passing I might remain with him! The word of command, when daylight came, sounded hoarse as the cry of a raven in my ears; and yet I dared not disobey the call, for it reminded me that Madeline was waiting beside her hearthstone for tidings of those she loved.”

There are some mysteries of sorrow which it appears almost sacrilegious to explain; and I will therefore dwell no longer upon the sufferings of Pierre, or describe the scorching tears that poured from the old man's eyes, as I ventured to draw aside the veil by which they had been long concealed. On his return to Etolles, it appeared the curé's abode had been sacked by the Prussians, and Pierre's old age made destitute as well as childless. Suzette, too, was dead. The old people were alone.

“Yet you see we have borne it all!” he ejaculated, in conclusion; “and our days do not pass in tribulation, for we feel that the lapse of each brings us nearer to the lad. Yes! we shall soon be with Albert, and even now I often fancy he is beside me, and commune with him by the river side, where we used to labour together, or in the woods of Luzières, or in the forests of Sénart. You see, sir, God is merciful; he gave it to us to atone for our own expiation, the feeling of exultation with which I had beheld the execution of the marquis; and still vouchsafes his protection and consolations, even to so humble a child of the dust as PIERRE L'ECREVISSIER!”

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

THIS extraordinary man, whose solitary residence in the island of Juan Fernandez suggested the matchless fiction of Robinson Crusoe, was a native of Largo, a village on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, in Scotland. He was the son of a thriving country shoemaker, named John Selkirk or Selcraig, and was born in the year 1676. Though he displayed some aptitude at school, especially in learning navigation, he was a restless and troublesome youth, of a quarrelsome temper, and almost always engaged in mischief. His father was one of those stern disciplinarians who formerly abounded in Scotland, and whose severity in dictating repulsive exercises and restraining from innocent indulgences, was so frequently rewarded, in the case of children of lively temperaments, with effects so different from what were expected. The mother, on the other hand, who was soft and pliant, made the subject of our memoir a favourite, on account of his being a seventh son, born without the intervention of a daughter; which, in her opinion, marked him out for a lucky destiny. The boy's own wish was to go to sea; that of his father, to keep him at home as an assistant in his own trade; and it appears that the mother advocated the views of her son, as most likely to lead to the realisation of her superstitious hopes. It must be allowed that these circumstances, operating in a humble walk of life, at the time and place alluded to, were not calculated to soothe an irritable, control a reckless, or even to preserve the original features of an amiable character.

After working till about his twentieth year at his father's trade, Alexander Selkirk left his native village, in order to avoid ecclesiastical censure for domestic quarrelling, and was at sea for four years. On his return in 1701, he once more excited public scandal by his conduct in the family circle; and being again cited by the kirk-session, along with his father, mother, and other relations, he on this occasion gave satisfaction by submitting to a rebuke in church, and promising amendment. Having spent the winter at home, he returned in spring to England, in search of employment as a mariner. The war of the Spanish succession was now breaking out, and, among the means adopted by Britain for distressing the enemy, was the employment of those daring half-piratical commodores, who used to scour the South Seas at all seasons in search of Spanish merchantmen and bullion-ships, allowing no regular principle of warfare, except that there never was peace beyond the line. The celebrated Captain Dampier had projected an enterprise with two well-armed vessels, under the commission of the admiralty; designing to sail up the river La Plata, and seize a few of the rich galleons which usually sailed once a-year from that port to the mother country. His vessels were respectively entitled the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports*, of

twenty-six and sixteen guns; and Selkirk, who was probably recommended by experience in the same kind of employment, was appointed sailing-master of the smaller ship. The terms on which both officers and men entered this expedition were very simple: they were to have no wages beyond a certain share of their prizes. Such, however, had been the success of many previous expeditions of the same kind, that no doubt was entertained by any one on board, that they would each return with an immense load of Spanish gold. The two vessels sailed in September 1703, but were too late for the galleons, all of which had got into port before they reached Madeira. Dampier then relinquished his design upon the river La Plata, and resolved to attack some rich town on the Spanish main. But before they left this range of isles, dissensions began to break out, and, by orders of Dampier, the first lieutenant of the *St George*, with whom he had quarrelled, was left with his servant upon *St Jago*. They soon after reached the coast of Brazil, where they had the misfortune to lose Captain Pickering of the *Cinque Ports*, who was acknowledged to be the most sensible man on board, and the main stay of the enterprise. This vessel was now very leaky, and falling under the command of a man of brutal character named Stradling, it was no longer a place of comfort for Selkirk, who about this time had a dream, which he esteemed as a forewarning of the failure of the expedition and the loss of the *Cinque Ports*, and formed the resolution to withdraw at the first opportunity. The situation of the men in general may be guessed from the fact that nine of the crew of the *St George* went ashore upon the isle of La Granda, preferring the hazard of perpetual slavery among the Spaniards to continuing any longer with their countrymen. The two vessels now doubled Cape Horn, and sailed for the isle of Juan Fernandez, where they were refitted. Here, however, a violent quarrel broke out between Stradling and his crew, forty-two of whom (probably including Selkirk) went ashore, vowing that they would not return to the vessel, in which there were not now so many as twenty men left. It was not without great difficulty, nor till they had become somewhat tired of the island, that they could be prevailed upon to change their resolution. For some months after this revolt, the two vessels cruised along the coast of Chili, capturing a few worthless merchant vessels, which supplied them with fresh stores, but altogether failing in the principal object of their expedition. At length Dampier and Stradling parted company, and the *Cinque Ports* returned to Juan Fernandez to refit.

Stradling and Selkirk had for some time been on such terms, that the latter was now determined to remain upon the island, the capability of which to support him was proved by two men, who had lived upon it since the vessels were there in spring. Accordingly, when the vessel was about to weigh, he went into a boat with all his effects, and was rowed ashore under the direction of the captain (October 1704). His first sensation on landing was one of joy, arising from the novelty of an exemption from the annoyances which had been oppressing him for such a length of time; but he no sooner heard the strokes of the receding oars, than the sense of solitude and helplessness fell upon his mind, and made him rush into the water to entreat his companions to take him once more on board. The brutal commander only made this change of resolution a subject of mockery, and told him it would be best for the remainder of the crew that so troublesome a fellow should remain where he was.

Here, then, was a single human being left to provide for his own subsistence upon an uninhabited and uncultivated isle, far from all the haunts of his kind, and with but slender hopes of ever again mingling with his fellow-creatures. Vigorous as the mind of Selkirk appears to have been, it sank for some days under the horrors of his situation, and he could do nothing but sit upon his chest, and gaze in the direction in which the ship had vanished, vainly hoping for its return. On partly recovering his equanimity, he found it necessary to consider the means of continuing existence. The stores which he had brought ashore, consisted, besides his clothing and bedding, of a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a flip-can, a bible, some books of devotion, and one or two concerning navigation, and his mathematical instruments. The island he knew to contain wild goats; but being unwilling to lose the chance of observing a passing sail, he preferred for a long time feeding upon shellfish and seals, which he found upon the shore. The island, which is rugged and picturesque, but covered by luxuriant vegetation, and clothed to the tops of the hills with wood, was now in all the bloom and freshness of spring; but upon the dejected solitary, its charms were spent in vain. He could only wander along the beach, pining for the approach of some friendly vessel, which might restore him, under however unpleasant circumstances, to the converse of his fellow-creatures.

\* Juan Fernandez, so called from a Spanish pilot who discovered it in 1572, is 330 miles from the nearest land in South America. It is situated in latitude 33° 40' south, and in longitude 78° 54' west. It was several times occupied, both before and after Selkirk's time, by families prosecuting trade, and even by solitary mariners, left by chance or otherwise. In 1823, Lord Cochrane found it destitute of inhabitants; but, according to very recent information, it now supports about 400 people, who acknowledge the Chilean government, and are ruled over by an Englishman named Sutcliffe.



At length the necessity of providing a shelter from the weather supplied him with an occupation that served in some measure to divert his thoughts. He built himself two huts with the wood of the pimento tree, thatching them with the long grass which grows upon the island. One was to serve him as a kitchen, the other as a bedroom. But yet, every day for the first eighteen months, he spent more or less time on the beach, watching for the appearance of a sail upon the horizon. At the end of that time, partly through habit, partly through the influence of religion, which here awakened in full force upon his mind, he became reconciled to his situation. Every morning after rising, he read a portion of Scripture, sang a psalm, and prayed, speaking aloud in order to preserve the use of his voice; he afterwards remarked, that, during his residence on the island, he was a better Christian than he had ever been before, or would probably ever be again. He at first lived much upon turtles, which abounded upon the shores; but afterwards found himself able to run down the wild goats, whose flesh he either roasted or stewed, and of which he kept a small stock tamed, around his dwelling, to be used in the event of his being disabled by sickness. One of the greatest inconveniences which afflicted him for the first few months was the want of salt; but he gradually became accustomed to this privation, and at last found so much relish in unsalted food, that, after being restored to society, it was with equal difficulty that he reconciled himself to take it in any other condition. As a substitute for bread, he had turnips, parsnips, and the cabbage palm, all of excellent quality, and also radishes and water-cresses. When his clothes were worn out, he supplied their place with goat-skins, which gave him an appearance much more uncouth than any wild animal. He had a piece of linen, from which he made new shirts by means of a nail and the thread of his stockings; and he never wanted this comfortable piece of attire during the whole period of his residence on the island. Every physical want being thus gratified, and his mind soothed by devotional feeling, he at length began to positively enjoy his existence, often lying for whole days in the delicious bowers which he had formed for himself, abandoned to the most pleasant sensations.

Among the quadruped inhabitants of the isle were multitudes of rats, which at the first annoyed him by gnawing his feet while asleep. Against this enemy he found it necessary to enter into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the cats, which also abounded in his neighbourhood. Having caught and tamed some of the latter animals, he was soon freed from the presence of the rats, but not without some disagreeable consequences, in the reflection, that, should he die in his hut, his friendly auxiliaries would probably be obliged, for their subsistence, to devour his body. He was in the meantime able to turn them to some account for his amusement, by teaching them to dance and perform a number of antic feats, such as cats are not in general supposed capable of learning, but which they might probably acquire, if any individual in civilised life were able to take the necessary pains. Another of his amusements was hunting on foot, in which he at length, through healthy exercise and habit, became such a proficient, that he could run down the swiftest goat. Some of the young of these animals he taught to dance in company with his kittens; and he often afterwards declared, that he never danced with a lighter heart or greater spirit than to the sound of his own voice in the midst of these dumb companions.

Selkirk was careful, during his stay on the island, to measure the lapse of time, and distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week. Anxious, in the midst of all his indifference to society, that, in the event of his dying in solitude, his having lived there might not be unknown to his fellow-creatures, he carved his name upon a number of trees, adding the date of his being left, and the space of time which had since elapsed. When his knife was worn out, he made new ones, and even a cleaver for his meat, out of some hoops which he found on the shore. He several times saw vessels passing the island, but only two cast anchor beside it. Afraid of being taken by the Spaniards, who would have consigned him to hopeless captivity, he endeavoured to ascertain whether these strangers were so or not, before making himself known. In both cases he found them enemies; and on one of the occasions, having approached too near, he was observed and chased, and only escaped by taking refuge in a tree. At length, on the last day of January 1709, four years and four months from the commencement of his solitary life, he had the unspeakable satisfaction of observing two British vessels approach, evidently with the intention of touching at the island. The night having fallen before they came near, he kindled a large fire on the beach, to inform the strangers that a human being was there. During the night, hope having banished all desire of sleep, he employed himself in killing goats, and preparing a feast of fresh meat for those whom he expected to be his deliverers. In the morning he found that the vessels had removed to a greater distance, but, ere long, a boat left the side of one of them, and approached the shore. Selkirk ran joyfully to meet his countrymen, waving a linen rag to attract their attention; and having pointed out to them a proper landing-place, soon had the satisfaction of clasping them in his arms. Joy at first deprived him of that imperfect power of utterance which solitude had left

to him, and the strangers were for a time so surprised by his rude habiliments, long beard, and savage appearance, as to be in much the same condition. But in a little they were mutually able to make explanations, when it appeared that the two vessels, called the Duke and Duchess, formed a privateering expedition similar to that of Dampier, but under the command of Captain Woodes Rogers, the former commander being here employed only as a pilot. Dover, the second captain, and Fry, the lieutenant, of Rogers's own vessel, were of the boat party, and, after partaking of Selkirk's hospitality, invited him on board. But so little eager was he to leave his solitude, that he was not prevailed upon to do so, till assured that Dampier had no situation of command in the expedition. He was then brought on board the Duke, along with his principal effects, and, by the recommendation of Dampier, who said he had been the best man in the Cinque Ports, was engaged as a mate. He now found that if he had remained on board the Cinque Ports, he must have experienced a worse fate than his late solitude, for, soon after leaving Juan Fernandez, Stradling had been obliged to surrender himself and his crew to the Spaniards, on account of the leaky state of the vessel, and had ever since been in confinement.

A few weeks after leaving the island, Selkirk was appointed to the command of a prize which was fitted out as a privateer, and in this situation he conducted himself with a degree of vigour and prudence that reflects credit on his character. The business in which he was engaged was certainly one by no means calculated to give play to the more amiable qualities of human nature; but even in the sacking of coast towns, and expeditions of plunder into the interior, which for months formed his chief employment, our hero seems to have mingled humanity in as high a proportion as possible with the execution of his duty. The expedition of Rogers was as remarkable for steadiness, resolution, and success, as that of Dampier had been for quarrelling and indecision; and it excites a curious feeling of surprise when we learn that the church of England service was regularly read on the quarter-decks of these piratical vessels, and all hands piped to prayers before every action. Selkirk proved himself, by his steadiness, decent manners, and religious turn of mind, a most appropriate member of the corps commanded by Rogers, and was accordingly much valued by his superiors. At the beginning of the ensuing year, the vessels began their voyage across the Pacific, with the design of returning by the East Indies, and in this part of the enterprise Selkirk acted as a sailing-master. They did not, however, reach England till October 1711, when Selkirk had been absent from his country for eight years. Of the enormous sum of £170,000 which Rogers had realised by plundering the enemy, Selkirk seems to have shared to the amount of about eight hundred pounds.

His singular history was soon made known to the public, and, immediately after his arrival in London, he became an object of curiosity, not only to the people at large, but to those elevated by rank and learning. Sir Richard Steele, some time after, devoted to him an article in the paper entitled the Englishman, in which he tells the reader, that, as Selkirk is a man of good sense, it is a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of the different revolutions of his mind during the term of his solitude. "When I first saw him," continues this writer, "I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard of the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them." The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face." What makes this latter circumstance the more remarkable, is the fact of nearly three years having elapsed between his restoration to society and the time when Sir Richard Steele first saw him.

In the spring of 1712, Selkirk returned on a Sunday forenoon to his native village, and finding that his friends were at church, went thither, and for some time sat eyeing them without being recognised, a suit of elegant gold-laced clothes perhaps helping to preserve his incognito. At length his mother, after gazing on him for some time, uttered a cry of joy, and flew to his arms. For some days he felt pleasure in the society of his friends, but in time began to pine for other scenes, his mind still reverting with regret to his lost solitude. It would appear, indeed, that so long an absence from society had in some measure unfitted him for it. He tried solitary fishing, built a bower like that of Juan Fernandez in the garden behind his brother's house, and wandered for days in

\* This is somewhat inconsistent with other accounts, but probably has some degree of truth in it.

the picturesque solitude of a glen beneath the brow of Largo Law. But nothing could compensate for the meditative life which he had lost. At length, having formed an attachment to a rustic maiden, named Sophia Bruce, whom he met in the glen just named, he suddenly disappeared with her, and never more was seen at Largo. He seems to have lived with his mistress, without demanding the sanction of matrimony, till in 1717 he once more went to sea. Nothing else is known respecting him, except that he died in the situation of lieutenant on board the ship Weymouth, in the year 1723, leaving a widow named Candis, who afterwards realised his patrimony at Largo, consisting of one small house.

The house in which he lived during his last residence at Largo is still occupied by the descendants of his brother, who preserve his chest and cup. His ship-cabin exists in the possession of another relation, who once did the present writer the favour of showing it to him; and his gun has for some years been the property of Major Lumsden of Lathallan, near Largo. It only remains to be mentioned, that a memoir of Selkirk, treating his adventures more in detail, was published a few years ago by Mr John Howell, an ingenious townsman of our own, who has distinguished himself by the composition of various other books commemorative of extraordinary adventures.

## ENGLISH SONGS.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

THOUGH England boasts no ancient inheritance of popular vocal poetry, such as has so long cheered the Scottish peasant at his daily toils and by his winter fireside, her educated poets have produced many songs of the highest excellence. By song, we may here mention, we mean exclusively a piece of poetry adapted for music, and embodying some sentiment or description above what is common, and which the heart is naturally disposed to utter in musical strains, merry or melancholy. It is needless, like Ritson, and other editors of English songs, to trace such compositions from the early times of the minstrels. The reign of Queen Elizabeth is almost the earliest period productive of what are now considered as songs; and there accordingly we shall commence our little disquisition.

Rich in every department of imaginative literature, and particularly in the drama, always so intimately connected with vocal poetry, the age of Elizabeth and her immediate successors abounds in fine songs. Bishop Still, who lived early in the reign of the maiden queen, was the author of the admirable panegyric upon ale, which Washington Irving has rendered familiar to modern readers:

I love no rost but a nut-browne toast,  
And a crab laid in the fire;  
A little bread shall do me stead,  
Much bread I not desire:  
No frost, nor snow, nor winde, I trow,  
Can hurt me if I wolde,  
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt  
In jolly good ale and olde.

This charming old folly appeared first in Gammer Gurton's Needle, a very early specimen of comedy, the humour of which turns upon the loss of a needle by Gammer Gurton while mending a certain vestment belonging to her husband, and which, after a whole neighbourhood has been thrown into confusion in search of it, discovers itself by pricking the flesh of honest Gurton, having been in reality lost in some of the manifold sinuosities of the said garment. Christopher Marlow, the immediate predecessor of Shakespeare, and the first writer of passionate tragedy in England, was the author of the beautiful pastoral quoted by Isaac Walton—

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That groves and valleys, hills and fields,  
And all the steepy mountain yields,  
And we will sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals—&c.

The songs of Shakespeare, especially considered in connection with the beautiful music to which they have been set, in most cases, by Bishop and others of the best English composers, are a never-failing treat. What could be more delightful than

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lie;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes,  
With every thing that pretty bin;  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.

"With every thing that pretty bin"—how delicious

that word "bin!" But the pleasure inspired by such poetry can only be felt. "When icicles hang by the wall"—the most descriptive of songs. "When daisies pied and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver white"—pretty but naughty. But the most charming of all is the carol in "As you like it," so appropriate to that sylvan play—

Under the green-wood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry throat  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here he shall see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.  
Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
Content with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here he shall see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

The songs in Macbeth are not perhaps worthy of being alluded to on their own account; but every one who is capable of deriving pleasure from music, must delight in the airs to which they were set almost two centuries ago by Matthew Lock. Those airs are among our most precious treasures; and such also is the capital thing composed at a still earlier period by Thomas Morley, and still usually given as a finale to the opera of the Duenna, "Now 'tis the month of Maying." To sit in this year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, and feel the delightful impulses given to fancy and feeling by those old compositions, which a few kind and brilliant natures effused in long past ages for the benefit of their race, and which have been charming unnumbered hearts ever since, is a fine contemplation. It carries man beyond the limit of his own little lifetime and his own narrow place, and connects him, by a kind of freemasonry, with the dead, the living, and those who are yet to live. Dear old Morley—excellent Lock—glorious Purcell—what an enviable fate is yours! thus to be everlasting sources of pleasure, and to be thanked and blessed by all the fine spirits of all time!

As we advance into the reign of Charles I., the lyrical spirit even improves. What could be better in their way than the songs of Ben Jonson?—all married, too, to the fairest of music—

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine—

what need of more? Beaumont and Fletcher, too—

Lay a garland on my hearse,  
Of the dismal yew;  
Maidens, willow branches bear—  
Say, I died true.

My love was false but I was firm  
From my hour of birth;  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth.

And Carew, the gallant and tender—as witness his "Primrose"—

Ask me why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year;  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose all bepeppered with dew;  
I straight will whisper in your ears,  
The sweets of love are washed in tears:  
Ask me why this flower doth show  
So yellow, green, and sickly too;  
Ask me why this stalk is weak  
And bending yet it doth not break;  
I must tell you these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

The poetical people of those days were conceited—but such conceits! I wish we had a few of them to give flesh and blood to our modern verse. Another specimen, and let it be from Lovelace—like Carew, a courtier and cavalier—

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That, from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

Conceits like these live for centuries. Sir John Suckling was another of the gay poetical courtiers of those

days, all of whom sank in their bloom amidst the troubles of the civil war. Before the age of twenty-eight, at which he died, he had distinguished himself as a soldier in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, as a fine gentleman in the court of his sovereign, and as a poet. His *Ballad upon a Wedding* contains some descriptive passages of unapproached excellence—

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light;  
And oh, she dances such a way!  
No sun upon an easter day  
Is half so fine a sight.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared to that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

Suckling raised a troop for the king's service, at an expense to himself of twelve thousand pounds, and is said by one account to have died of grief for the misfortunes of his sovereign, his friends, and himself. But another tradition represents his death as having been occasioned by a strange accident. In the course of a mission from the king, his servant deserted him at Calais, carrying off his portmanteau, in which were some valuable papers, besides money. Sir John no sooner learned his loss, than he leaped on horseback, and pursued the faithless valet. In the act of pulling on his boots for this purpose, he felt an unaccountable pain, but did not think of inquiring into the cause, till, after riding two or three posts, he overtook the servant, and recovered his property. He then fainted away through excess of suffering, and the pain was discovered to proceed from a wound in his foot, occasioned by the blade of a penknife, which the servant had stuck into the sole of his boot, in order to disable him for pursuit. This wound became so much inflamed as to excite fever, of which the unfortunate poet died in a few days.

Waller, though he survived till a later age, belongs to this tribe of songsters. Shall mankind ever forget Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That, hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.  
Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Now closes the period during which the English poets wrote under the influence of sentiment; and accordingly, as vocal poetry depends chiefly on sentiment, now closes the early golden age of English song. The school of Dryden and Pope, unrivalled in the poetry of reflection, produced hardly any thing worthy of the name of song; and for a century or more, the only such compositions which obtained any popularity were generally of a convivial or homely character, and the productions of a humble and obscure class of versifiers, such as Tom D'Urfey, Harry Carey, and many who are nameless. To D'Urfey we rather believe belongs the whimsical philosophico-bacchanalian rant, apparently written at the beginning of the last century:—

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice:  
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,  
All treasure's uncertain, then down with your dust.  
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence;  
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

To a somewhat later period must be assigned the fine domestic song of "Winifreda"—

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly clung;  
To see them look their mother's features,  
To hear them lip their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

And here also comes in "the Military Toper," as it is senselessly called, to which Handel gave music, and which Wolfe sung the night before the fatal day of Quebec—a lyric which appears at first sight a piece of coarse drunken folly, but at bottom contains the whole romance and pathos of the condition of a soldier—all its perils and its glories, all its hardships and consolations, and all so exquisitely balanced that we

hardly know whether to give way to melancholy or to mirth—

How stands the glass around?

For shame! ye take no care, my boys;

How stands the glass around?

Let mirth and wine abound

The trumpets sound,

The colours flying are, my boys,

To fight, kill, or wound;

May we still be found

Content with our hard fare, my boys,

On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,

Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, soldiers, why?

Whose business 'tis to die?

What! sighing, fie!

Drink on, drown fear, be jolly, boys!

'Tis he, you, or I.

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,

And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain

(I mean not to upbraid you, boys),

'Tis but in vain

For soldiers to complain:

Should next campaign

Send us to him that made you, boys,

We're free from pain;

But, should we remain,

A bottle and kind landlady

Cures all again.

#### AMUSEMENTS AT MELTON.

THE BARON D'HAUSEZ, in his work entitled "Great Britain in 1833," gives the following account of some of the amusements of the higher classes in England. "It is at Melton, in Leicestershire, a mountainous and wooded country, intersected by valleys and deep rivers, by brooks, and hedges defended by double ditches, that the best hunting in England is afforded. The country is not remarkable either for the beauty of its sites, or as presenting those enjoyments which a small and anciently built town, totally deprived of those comforts of which the English show themselves so jealous, is the least calculated to yield. The sportsman, however, accords the preference to Melton, because it unites, and comprises within itself, all that variety of difficulties which a sportsman finds not only a pleasure but a glory in surmounting. It may be also that English foxes—like the amateurs who hunt them—appear to delight in dangers, and congregate in preference round Melton. They are found in the neighbourhood in sufficient quantity to furnish a supply for the considerable destruction which yearly takes place.

There is not a hunt which may not afford food for a fortnight's conversation. The brooks and ditches cleared, the rivers swam over, the broken limbs and ribs, the horses killed—such are the anecdotes which form the inevitable episodes of these charming parties! Caricature, which seizes on every thing in England, has not neglected so rich a subject; it has contrived to turn to humorous account the often tragical occurrences furnished by such dangerous amusements.

The keeping up of what is called an establishment at Melton entails a very considerable expense. This species of luxury is necessarily limited to a very small number of wealthy people. No Meltonian can dispense with a dozen horses, each of which costs, at the least, two or three hundred guineas. Some stables contain even thirty. The labour of a hunter is not prolonged beyond three or four seasons. From the care bestowed upon them, two horses require the attendance of one groom. This may convey some idea of the enormous expense incidental to this kind of enjoyment. The intervals between hunting days are filled up by brilliant assemblages at the country mansions, by play, and by cock-fighting, which serve as pretexts to bets often amounting to a very considerable sum. Melton is one of the places in the world where one is most careless of one's purse and person, and where the one and the other are sacrificed with the greatest zest. If the character of nations were to be studied in their popular games, special attention should be bestowed on cock-fighting, which holds a high rank among the amusements to which the people of England are most fondly attached. In the attention which is paid to the preservation of the race of these birds, a spirit of order and perseverance is manifested. In the enormous bets to which cock-fighting serves as a pretext, is disclosed the taste for a species of chance, the caprices of which, nevertheless, offer the basis of a sort of calculation. In the courage of the bird, the idea of a resemblance with that of man presents itself; and in the tragical conclusion of the struggle, the need of an impression lively enough to excite imaginations which a slight movement of curiosity could not agitate. In the enthusiasm of the spectators of all classes to take part for such or such combatant, without any other motive than the idea of the moment and the inspiration of play, a similitude is afforded to that ardour which induces the English to engage themselves, fortune as well as person, in political quarrels with which they have no concern. In a word, in all the details of a frivolous amusement, a sort of summary of their conduct throughout life is manifested.



Celebrated by its fox-hunts, Melton is not less renowned by its cock-fights. In the environs of this town the most celebrated race of birds is bred; and here it is that all schemes are followed which are likely to add to the purity of breed, and to increase, by crossing, the perfection of the cock. It is in the environs of Melton that, from the peer of the three kingdoms to the farmer, nay even to the groom, the passion of play confounds all ranks. Bets are here offered and accepted without examining from whence they come, or into what hands they fall.

People interest themselves no less about the genealogy of a cock than about that of a race-horse. In this classic land of social distinctions, aristocracy, with all its pretensions and the rigour of its despotism, condescends to interfere in the manner of breeding fowls.

Thanks to the care taken of the ancestry of the cock—which is traced back through several generations—you are sure that the birds destined to fight have what is called blood, that is to say, they descend, by an uninterrupted succession of grandfathers of noble origin, from a stock capable of furnishing combatants well suited by their courage for the arena in which they exhibit their valour. Cock-fighting has its laws, as rigorously observed as those which regulated the passes of a tournament, or as the brutal rules observed in the boxing-matches of London.

The great bets are made on the success of a series of fights between a certain number of cocks. Thus, each better fetches about thirty of these birds, and divides them into three parties. He opposes one of them to the bird presented by his adversary, and the bet is adjudged to the better whose champions have been most frequently conquerors, first in each party, and afterwards in two of the three parties.

Other bets are offered, even during the battle, on the chances which it presents: and it is thus that the tact and rapidity of judgment of the betters are called into exercise. A knowing eye conjectures, from the manner in which a cock enters upon and maintains a struggle; from the blows he gives and receives; from the effect produced on his countenance by a wound inflicted on such or such a part of the body, the probable issue of the contest; and from one end to the other of the cockpit, the spectators propose, or, to speak more properly, cry out bets, which are accepted with the same readiness, the proportions varying according to the opinion which the better entertains of the result.

A circular hall, furnished with steps which enable you to descend into the pit, is filled with spectators. Two men appear, bearing silk bags, on which the escutcheons of their masters are richly embroidered. They draw forth the cocks which are to fight, and place them before a judge, who examines them, and who assures himself, by an inspection of their weight and conformation, whether they are of equal strength. This formality fulfilled, the cocks are returned to the men who have brought them to the pit, and are placed upon the turf which serves as the theatre for the combat. The birds are prepared for the combat in a manner suited to the occasion. The comb and such feathers as would be both useless and inconvenient ornaments are removed. Their heads are therefore stripped of these, and their wings reduced to an extent which only allows them to raise themselves to a small height. Their tail, which is cut square, gives them a martial turn, and imparts to their gait a spruce and easy appearance. Their spurs are armed with steel, very sharp and cutting, and of the form of a poniard.

Like horses prepared for the race-course, cocks are subjected to a regimen, to which is to be attributed, in a great measure, the strength they put forth. The food they receive tends to prevent fat, and adds to the energy and play of their muscles. They are purged, are made to swallow stimulants, and kept in continual irritation, as well as in a forced exercise. The effect of these minute observances discloses itself by a rapidity and violence of movement, which gives to the birds thus treated an incontestable superiority over their fellows subjected to an ordinary regimen.

As soon as the combatants are in presence, they look at each other with fierceness, and each in some sort measures and judges his opponent. Immediately afterwards, they give tokens of a fury, the gradations of which can be easily observed; incline their necks towards the ground, and, after having preserved this attitude during some seconds, as if to gather up their courage and their strength, rush towards each other. The bill is the first weapon of which they avail themselves, but the most formidable is the spur. They seek to strike each other with it in the head, upon the back, and in the sides. The blood runs from their deep and numerous wounds, from the bill, even from the eyes. Their fury increases in consequence; they watch each other's motions, and deal out fresh blows till one of the combatants drops. It often happens that while both lie dying in the arena, they summon up, as though by concert, a remnant of life, rush against each other, add to their wounds, and fall down again. But their fury has not forsaken them, and the gambols of their agony still wear the character of valour, and afford to the umpire the means of deciding with whom the victory rests.

When the fight is only disastrous to one of the combatants, the conqueror walks proudly round his fallen enemy, and attempts, with an exhausted voice, a crow of triumph, to which the acclamations of the enthusiastic spectators respond.

The aspect of a cockpit differs from all assemblages that have pleasure for their object. He who has not been present at the sittings of a certain assembly, where graver interests are discussed, would find it impossible to form an idea of the cries, the gestures, the applause, the blows, the stamping and clattering which the spectators resort to by way of expressing their impatience. There are only wanting, to complete the resemblance between a cockpit and the nameless chamber, those gross insults and menaces which are not allowed in the English assembly. In order to check the excess of turbulence, there is suspended from the ceiling, by means of a cord passed through a pulley, a large basket intended for the reception of disturbers who transgress the limits—for the rest extensive enough—assigned to ill-breeding. France, which is so eager to model her institutions on those of Great Britain, should resort to this means, which perhaps would have more efficacy than a president's bell."

#### SIEGES.

[It has always appeared to us that the most effectual means of putting an end to war with all its horrors, would be the introduction into use of some species of engine which would possess the power of instantaneously destroying every individual who took the field, thus rendering death so much a matter of certainty that no one in his senses would thenceforward act in the capacity of a soldier. Until this end can be gained, it is of consequence to take advantage of every means which science and skill can direct, to render victory as certain and bloodless as possible. In no department of the military profession is the value of scientific knowledge so well demonstrated as in that of the attack and defence of fortified places, which, by a proper organisation of forces brought against them, are certain to be subdued, whatever be their strength. An excellent account of the mode now pursued in conducting sieges, will be found in the article Fortification, in the new edition of that very valuable work the Encyclopedia Britannica, from which we extract the following interesting details.]

"A SIEGE being one of the most arduous undertakings in which an army or corps d'armée can be employed; one in which the greatest fatigue, hardships, and personal risk are encountered, and in which the prize can only be won by complete victory, it is obvious that, upon the success or failure of such an enterprise may depend the fate of a campaign, sometimes that of an army, and perhaps even the existence of a state. Of this the failures before Pavia in 1525, before Metz in 1552, before Prague in 1567, before St Jean d'Acre in 1799, and before Burgos in 1812, present instructive examples. By the first, France lost her monarch, the flower of her nobility, and all her Italian conquests; by the second, she was saved from destruction, whilst thirty thousand of her enemies perished; by the third, the greatest warrior of his age, Frederick the Great, was brought to the very brink of destruction; by the fourth, the most successful general of France, and perhaps the greatest commander that any age or country has produced, was stopped short in his career of victory; and by the last, a beaten enemy gained time to recruit his forces, concentrate his scattered corps, and regain that ascendancy of which the victory at Salamanca had for a time deprived him. Innumerable other instances of the disastrous consequences usually attendant on the failure of sieges might easily be produced; but those which have just been referred to are sufficient to establish the importance of the undertaking, and to show that the dearest interests of a country may frequently be staked on the sure and speedy reduction of a fortress.

It is therefore of the greatest importance to a state that the sieges undertaken by its armies should be carried on in the best and most efficient manner possible, or, in other words, that, by a due combination of science, labour, and force, these operations should be rendered not only short, but certain, and unproductive of any great expenditure of life. But the sieges undertaken by the British have almost never united these three indispensable conditions; and with regard to those which took place during the contest in the Peninsula, it is well known that various defects of organisation, and particularly the want of a body of men, such as sappers and miners, trained to the labour required at sieges, not to mention the inexperience of the engineers, and an adequate supply of matériel, necessitated a departure from all established principles and rules of attack, and consequently led to a waste of life wholly unprecedented in modern sieges. Till late in 1813, the army was unattended by a single sapper or miner: regular approaches were therefore impracticable: it was necessary, in almost every case, to take the bull, as the saying is, by the horns; the last operation of a siege scientifically conducted, namely, battering in breach, was the first, or almost the first, undertaken; and the troops were marched to the assault whilst the defences remained nearly entire, and exposed to every species of destruction which the unredressed means of the besieged could bring to bear against them.

Prior to the sixteenth century, the art of disposing the several works of a fortress so as to cover each other, and to be covered by their glacis [sloping bank in front] from the view of an enemy, was either unknown or disregarded; whilst the small quantity of artillery in use, its unwieldiness, and the great expense and difficulty of bringing it up, occasioned so little to be used in sieges, that the chief object in fortifying towns was to render them secure against escalade and surprise, by means of lofty walls or altitude of situation. All places fortified prior to the sixteenth century are invariably of this construction. And as the simplicity of the fortresses to be attacked necessarily gave the

same character to the operations directed against them, so, in those days, every thing was effected by daring courage, without the aid of science; and gallantly contending in individual combat, or fearlessly confronting danger, were considered as the highest qualities of a besieger. Thus the contest dragged on for months, in petty but sanguinary affairs; and the most persevering or the most hardy troops, however ill organised or supplied, were the most dreaded, and not unfrequently the most successful. But when artillery became more moveable, and large quantities began to be employed in sieges, lofty and exposed walls no longer opposed any adequate barrier; large breaches were speedily effected; places which had formerly resisted for months were carried in a few days; and hence, in order to restore an equality of defence, it became necessary to screen the ramparts from distant fire. The attempt to gain security by concealment rapidly advanced towards perfection, whilst the means of the besiegers remained the same; and between the middle of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century, works were so skillfully disposed and so well covered, that the defence of towns obtained a temporary superiority over the attack, as the latter was then practised. Of this the obstinate and successful defences made by the Dutch against the Spaniards during the reigns of Philip II. and Philip III. may be cited as remarkable examples.

But unhappily for this pre-eminence, Vanban appeared on the scene, and, supported by Louis XIV., who brought to the attack of fortresses a vast and costly preparation in ordnance, ammunition, and materials, perfected in the early offensive campaigns of that monarch a covered mode of attack, which, by a singular combination of science and labour, and by the steady advances of a few brave men well trained to such work, rendered comparatively easy the reduction of places capable of for ever defying the rude violence of multitudes. These increased means of attack, to which it was found impossible to oppose a successful resistance, caused the art of concealment or covering to be further studied, till at length, in well-constructed fortresses, not a single wall remained exposed to view, and the sap and the mine became as necessary as the gun and the mortar to the success of a besieger. To render this intelligible to the general reader, it may be proper to introduce here a descriptive sketch of the progress of a modern attack, from the excellent work of Sir John Jones.

"The first operation of a besieger," says that able and experienced engineer, "is to establish a force able to cope with the garrison of the town to be attacked, at the distance of six or seven hundred yards from its ramparts. This is effected by approaching the place secretly in the night with a body of men, part carrying entrenching tools, and the remainder armed. The former dig a trench in the ground parallel to the fortifications to be attacked, and with the earth that comes out of the trench raise a bank on the side next to the enemy, whilst those with arms remain formed in a recumbent posture, in readiness to protect those at work, should the garrison sally out. During the night this trench and bank are made of sufficient depth and extent to cover from the missiles of the place the number of men requisite to cope with the garrison, and the besiegers remain in the trench during the following day, in despite of the fire or sorties of the besieged. This trench is afterwards progressively widened and deepened, and the bank of earth raised till it forms a covered road, called a parallel, embracing all the fortifications to be attacked; and along this road, guns, waggons, and men securely and conveniently move, equally sheltered from the view and the missiles of the garrison. Batteries of guns and mortars are then constructed on the side of the road next the garrison, to oppose the guns of the town, and in a short time, by superiority of fire, principally arising from situation, silence all those which bear on the works of the attack. After this ascendancy is attained, the same species of covered road is, by certain rules of art, carried forward, till it circumvents or passes over all the exterior defences of the place, and touches the main rampart wall at a spot where it has been previously beaten down by the fire of the batteries erected expressly for the purpose in the more advanced parts of the road.

"The besieger's troops being thus enabled to march in perfect security to the opening or breach in the walls of a town, assault it in strong columns; and being much more numerous than the garrison defending the breach, soon overcome them, and the more easily as they are assisted by a fire of artillery and musketry directed on the garrison from portions of the road only a few yards from the breach; and which fire can, at that distance, be maintained on the defenders of the breach until the very instant of personal contention, without injury to the assailants. The first breach being carried, should the garrison have any inner works, the covered road is by similar rules of art pushed forward through the opening, and advanced batteries are erected in it to overpower the remaining guns of the place: which effected, the road is again pushed forward, and the troops march in security to the assault of breaches made in a similar manner in those interior works, and invariably carry them with little loss. But as it is always an object to preserve the life of even a single soldier, so, when time is abundant, the loss of men attendant on the assault of breaches under these favourable circumstances may be avoided, by pushing up the covered

road through the breach, without giving the assault, and thus, by art and labour, the strongest defences frequently fall without any exertion of open force.

From this description it must be obvious that the most important object at a siege is to carry forward the covered road to the walls of the place; that all the other operations are secondary to and in furtherance of such an advance; and that hence the efficiency of armies at sieges depends upon their ability to complete the road at a small expense of life. But in forming this covered road, different degrees of difficulty are experienced in proportion as it advances. At its commencement, the work, owing to the distance from the fortifications, which is usually about six hundred yards, and not being straitened for space, can easily be performed by the common soldiers. But when the road or trench has arrived within a fair range of musketry, or three hundred yards from the place, then particular precautions are required; yet the work at this stage is not so difficult as to prevent its being executed by soldiers who have had a little previous training. At the last stage, when the approaches have been pushed close to the place; when to be seen is to be killed; when mine after mine blows up the head of the road, with every officer and man on the spot; when the space becomes so confined that little or no front of defence can be obtained; and when the enemy's grenadiers sally forth every moment to attack the workmen, and deal out destruction to all less courageous or weaker than themselves; then the work becomes truly hazardous, and can only be performed by selected brave men, called sappers, who have acquired the difficult and dangerous art from which they derive their name. An indispensable auxiliary to the sapper, however, is the miner, who, in the exercise of his art, requires even a greater degree of skill, conduct, and courage, than his principal. The duty of a miner at a siege is to accompany the sapper, to listen for and discover the enemy's mine at work, and to prevent his blowing up the head of the road, either by sinking down and meeting him, in which case a subterranean conflict ensues, or by running a gallery close to that of his opponent, and forcing him to desist from working by means of suffocating compositions, and various arts of chicanery, the knowledge of which he has acquired from experience. Without the aid of skilful miners, sappers would be unable to execute that part of the covered road forming the descent into the ditch, not to mention other portions in the formation of which the assistance of the miner is equally indispensable; and without their joint labours and steady co-operation, no besieger's approaches ever reached the walls of a fortress.

But a siege, though it calls for great personal bravery, unremitting exertion, and extraordinary labour in all employed, yet, if scientifically prosecuted, is alike certain in its progress and its result. More or less skill and exertion in the contending parties may in some degree prolong or abridge its duration; but the sapper and the miner, when skilfully directed and adequately supported, will ultimately surmount every obstacle."

#### SLAVE-MARKET AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[We have been much pleased with the perusal of a work which has just issued from the press, written by a French gentleman, Monsieur De Lamartine, and purporting to be the account of a "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land and other Countries in the East, in the years 1832 and 1833." The author appears to possess the vivacity of his countrymen, along with a highly polished and poetic temperament, which leads him to describe scenes and incidents in a lively and happy manner, exceedingly suitable to the illustration of oriental usages. Of the Turks and Constantinople he presents some original views, and these generally more favourable to the character of the Mussulmans than have hitherto been brought under observation. The following account of his visit to the slave-market will not fail to interest our readers.]

"THIS morning I was taken by a young gentleman of Constantinople to the slave-market. After traversing the long streets of Stamboul parallel with the walls of the old seraglio, and passing several splendid bazaars crowded with merchants and purchasers, we ascended by a few narrow streets into a dirty square, on which opened the gate of another bazaar. We were indebted to the Turkish costume, in which we were dressed, and to the perfection in which my guide spoke the language, for our admittance to this market of human flesh. How many ages elapsed, and how many appeals were made to the reason of man, before he ceased to regard power as a right, and could be convinced that slavery is a crime and a blasphemy! What an advancement of intelligence!—and how much does it promise! How many things there are which we regard with indifference, but which may appear enormous crimes in the eyes of our descendants! These were the reflections which occurred to my mind as we entered the bazaar, where the life, the soul, the body, and the liberty of human beings, is sold as we sell oxen or horses, and where a man considers himself the lawful possessor of what he thus purchases!

The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed portico or piazza. Under this portico, which on the side of the court has a wall about waist-high, there are doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants keep their slaves. These doors are thrown open, to enable the purchasers, as they walk about, to see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate chambers, and the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves in these lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery

under the portico, and in the court itself. We commenced our examination. The most remarkable group consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated close together in a circle, and their faces were all turned to the spectators. Most of them were remarkably beautiful. They had almond-shaped eyes, aquiline noses, thin lips, a delicate oval contour of face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the raven's wing. The pensive, melancholy, and languishing expression of their countenances, renders the Abyssinian females, in spite of their copper-coloured complexions, extremely lovely and interesting. They are tall and slender as the palm-trees of their country, and their arms are remarkable for beauty of form and grace of motion. The girls whom I saw in the slave-bazaar had no clothing but a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ankles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. They were seated motionless, with their heads resting on the palms of their hands, or on their knees. When thus gazed at, their meek and melancholy eyes were like those of the goat or the lamb whom the peasants lead with strings round their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they whispered one to another and smiled. One of them, who held a little child in her arms, was weeping because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. Not far from this group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared very healthy. They were amusing themselves at an oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. Meanwhile the merchants and buyers took first one and then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their age and state of health; and the children, when released, eagerly joined their playmates, and renewed their game. I next went under the covered porticos, which were crowded with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in this traffic were walking about among the groups superbly dressed in furred pelisses and with long pipes in their hands, looking anxious and pre-occupied, and casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms in which they kept their human merchandise: but as they supposed us to be Arabs or Egyptians, they did not venture to refuse us admittance to any of the rooms. Itinerant dealers in cakes and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few piastres into the hand of one of them, and directed him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

I remarked a poor negress, about eighteen or twenty years of age, remarkably handsome, but with a sullen and melancholy air. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed and with her face unveiled. Round her were about a dozen other negresses, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. The negress above mentioned held in her lap a fine little boy of three or four years of age, magnificently dressed: her child, who was a mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable. I played with the boy, and gave him some cakes and sweetmeats, which I had purchased at a neighbouring shop; but the mother snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, with an expression of anger and offended pride. She held down her face and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately from her child, and I requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase her together with the child for me. I would have brought up the interesting boy without separating him from his mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker with whom M. Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child. He at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly, and the boy threw his arms round his mother's neck. But the bargaining was all a pretence on the part of the merchant; and when we agreed to give him the very exorbitant price he set upon the slaves, he took the broker aside, and told him that the negress was not for sale. He stated that she was the slave of a rich Turk who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced too haughty and overbearing a spirit in the harem; and that to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but with secret orders that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to; and when a Turk is out of humour with his female slaves, his usual threat is that he will send them to the bazaar. We accordingly withdrew.

We looked into a great number of rooms, each containing four or five women, almost all black and ugly, but having the appearance of good health. Most of them appeared indifferent to their situation, and some even solicited purchasers. They talked and laughed together, and occasionally made critical remarks on the men who were bargaining for them. One or two wept, and concealed themselves at the further end of the chamber, and did not without reluctance return to the alcove where they had been seated when we looked in. Several walked away cheerfully with a Turk who had purchased them, taking with them their little bundle tied in a handkerchief, and covering their faces with their white veils. We witnessed two or three acts of genuine humanity, for which

even Christian charity might envy the good Mussulmans. Several Turks purchased some old female slaves who had been sent away from the harems of their masters on account of their age and infirmities. We asked them why they had purchased the poor old women. "To please God," replied the broker; and M. Morlach assured me that several Mussulmans were in the practice of sending to the markets to buy poor infirm slaves of both sexes, and support them, for the sake of charity, in their houses.

The last rooms we entered were half closed, and we were at first refused admittance. There was only one slave in each room, under the guard of a female. These slaves were young and beautiful Circassian girls, newly arrived from their country. They were dressed in white, and with a remarkable degree of elegance. Their fine features were expressive of neither sorrow nor indignation, but disdainful indifference. The beautiful white slaves of Georgia or Circassia have become extremely rare since the Greek females no longer people the seraglios, and since Russia has interdicted the traffic in women. Nevertheless, many Georgian families still devote their daughters to this odious traffic, and cargoes of them are from time to time carried away by contraband dealers. The price of these beautiful creatures varies from twelve to twenty thousand piastres (from three to five thousand francs—or from L.125 to L.208 sterling), whilst black slaves of ordinary beauty do not sell for more than five or six hundred francs, and the most beautiful at a thousand or twelve hundred. In Arabia and in Syria, female slaves may be purchased for five or six hundred piastres (from a hundred and fifty to two hundred francs). One of the Georgian girls whom we saw at the bazaar was of faultless beauty. Her features were delicate and intelligent, her eyes soft and pensive, and her skin dazzlingly white. She was sold before our eyes for the harem of a young pacha of Constantinople. We left the bazaar with feelings of disgust at a scene which is renewed every day and every hour in the cities of the East."

To this account of De Lamartine we can only append the question—can nothing be done in this country to assuage the traffic in slaves carried on betwixt European Turkey and Asia and Africa—must our sympathies be confined entirely to slavery on the western side of the Atlantic?

**TRAVELLING A HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.**—The following is a copy from a handbill now hanging as a curiosity in the coffee-room of the Black Swan at York:—"York four days stage-coach; begins on Friday the 12th of April 1706. All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the Black Swan in Houlbourn in London, and to the Black Swan in Coney Street in York. At both which places they may be received in a stage-coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey in four days (if God permits), and sets forth at five in the morning, and returns from York to Stamford in two days, and from Stamford by Huntington to London, in two days more; and the like stages on their return—allowing each passenger 14 lb. weight, and all above 1d. a pound. Performed by Benjamin Kingman, Henry Harrison, Walter Baynet. Also, this gives notice that the New castle stage-coach sets out from York every Monday and Friday, and from Newcastle every Monday and Friday."—In the present day, the journey from London to York is performed in about twenty hours.

**PREVALENT CAUSES OF CRIME.**—1. Deficient education, early loss of parents, and consequent neglect. 2. Few convicts have ever learned a regular trade; and if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before their time had lawfully expired. 3. School education is, with most convicts, very deficient, or entirely wanting. 4. Intemperance, very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime. 5. By preventing intemperance, and by promoting education, we are authorised to believe that we shall prevent crime in a considerable degree.—*Report of Mr Wood, Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia.*

**AN ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.**—Bring plenty of farthings, which go as far as halfpennies or penny-pieces, each of these passing for a copper. You will find them very useful in purchasing milk or other refreshments in coming up the river.—*Counsel for Emigrants, Aberdeen, 1835.*

**FRENCH BEANS.**—An Oxfordshire farmer has discovered and practises a new method of cultivating this excellent vegetable. In the autumn he cuts his beans off, leaving about four inches of the stalks above ground; he then lays on a dressing of stable dung, which he takes away when other people are sowing their seeds; and the consequence is, that his production is more than double that by the ordinary method.—*Standard.*

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